



# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Put Up Or Shut Up"

(feat. Krumbasnatcha)

[Premier scratch:] "This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"

### [Verse 1: Guru]

Stupid, you know it's time to sit and think, before we hit the brink  
Lockerroom, at a prize fight, before he hit the ring  
Like when I tell these corporate leeches they can't get a thing  
Or when I tell relentless rappers they had better sing  
The position that anyone holds could be up to grabs  
I'm waitin up the ave to see if anyone folds  
Since I was twenty-one years old and legal  
I knew the difference between gimmicky gangsters and powerful people  
I'm the reason, why the game is flipped  
I'm the reason, why your aim is missed  
I'm the reason why you're mad I only sprained my wrist  
The reason my mindframe is trained in this  
You like gunfire? Better acquire the taste  
Cuz youf walk aroun' with full pounds by dem waist  
Deface property, they be laced properly  
Rules are rules, fools are fools, I react logically  
Ain't no way, so come, make my day  
Like Tom Hanks I earn long bank and +Cast+ you +Away+

### [Premier scratching]

"This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"  
"I repeat, this is not a question"

### [Chorus: Guru (Krumbasnatcha)]

Oh you brag about the ki's you flipped and who you done up  
Nigga whattup? (Put up or shut up!)  
Poppin shit about the chicks and the whips you got  
You think you hot? (Uh-uh, man - you put up or shut up!)  
Always talkin bout your dough and your wealth and fame  
Youse a lame (Get out of here - put up or shut up!)  
You got hot beats and kids that can spit mad fire?  
Youse a liar! (That's whack - put up or shut up!)

[Premier sample:] "This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"

### [Verse 2: Guru]

Aiyyo I've seen the toughest of tough guys, the roughest of guys  
Get reduced of their juice against the wall like small fries  
All rise, it's time to do the damn thing  
I'm all wise, my mind exercise like handsprings  
Crazy degrees of difficulties  
Remain mackin chicks, O.G. shit, the ten prixs(?)  
Please, you know my peoples want a lot, the corner's hot

We gettin love on y'all block  
And that's gangsta, but a lot of shit ain't  
Believe me it ain't easy like you sleazy niggaz think  
Uneasy niggaz blink, when I step to the stage  
And don't flinch, don't move a inch, I'm bout to empty the gauge  
I've witnessed the bad shit, sickness and sadness  
Always dreamed about what I would do, if I had shit  
Drop jewels infinite for the blind deaf and dumb  
Down with M.O.P. and Bumpy plus I just left Krumb

*[Verse 3: Krumsnatcha]*  
But I'm back.. ha, fresh out of the max  
And I'm gettin at you cats  
Aiyyo popped out the beast, met The Ownerz with the lease  
Soldifyin contracts over dope beats  
Learned a whole lot up in these streets  
Like when to talk, when to spark, and when not to speak  
I do the one before a gun come out  
Plus y'all don't really wanna see Krumb dumb out  
A ghetto doctrine to watch every pistol pop  
And then while you watchin examine all options  
Young bodies in the coffin more often  
It stay the same from Brooklyn to Boston  
Every interstate, more youth with the inner hate  
Deep in the struggle, puttin food on they dinner plate  
Hungry W.O.L.V.E.S. that roll thick in packs  
And pray on you cats with the gangstafied raps  
Extortion, only gettin left with abortion  
Pullin out tools on them fools who be flossin

*[Chorus]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Werdz From The Ghetto Child"

(feat. Smiley)

[Smiley] Aiyyo I got the dimes that I get, I got the dimes that I bring

[Preem'] Yo, yo yo

[Smiley] Yo Preem', what's good?

[Preem'] What's good man - you still fuckin with that shit son?

[Smiley] Yo, don't even come at me with that bullshit man, whassup?

[Preem'] I'm sayin man, you said you was gonna leave this shit alone

[Preem'] You still on that bullshit nigga

[Smiley] Son.. SON I'll leave it alone

[Smiley] when you come and get ready with this music B, what the fuck?

[Preem'] I'm sayin man, who the fuck you think you are man?

[Smiley]

Yo, yo

Yo gangsta gangsta, O.G. is what you call me

It's like my life is like a never-endin drug story

Make coke, expand, yo you know who I am

Death percentages rises in the hood like grams

Who done it and ran, who blammed on my fam'

Out the window every night, deadly intentions man

Cocked back and ready to fire, hit man for hire

And fuck politicians, nothin but liars

As I build my cream, with self esteem

But drink the water from the streams, of gangsta lean

To keep food on my plate, stick a mac to your face

So I never have to fall off, so you can never underrate

Force pressure, is the techniques of real men

So when you slam the doors, we still get in

It's like demons when, what you fight that you can't see'll

come out your buildin, and get shot drastically

The way of the world, niggaz fiendin to pull it

You either bite the dust, or just dodge that bullet

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Sabotage"

*[DJ Premier scratching]*

"I want the public to know.. what goes on"

"I mean, look at the situation - be real"

*[Verse 1: Guru]*

The names have been changed to protect the innocent

Each step is intricate, I rep magnificent

Knew this kid named Ronnie, used to make cash with Caesar

They made a lot of money back in the 80's crack fever

Caesar was an overachiever, a kingpin and 18-and-a-half

He got knocked and left Ronnie to watch the team and the stash

Plus his crib, his jewels, his whip and his girl

And Ronnie's self-interests had him livin in a different world

He rocked Caesar's chains, he put Caesar's rings

Smokin mad wools all day, with Caesar's change

Not to mention he pushed up on Caesar's wifey

A move like that my man, extremely sheisty

It all got back to Caesar in the bing

They found Ronnie's body in the playground by the swings

Anyone can get it, for sure it don't matter dawg

Especially when a nigga tries commitin sabotage

*[Premier scratching Guru samples]*

"There ain't nobody to trust"

"It's got me ready.. ready.. ready.. ready.. ready to bust"

"It's like sabotage, there ain't nobody to trust"

"It's like sabotage"

"It's got me ready.. ready.. ready.. ready.. ready to bust"

*[Verse 2: Guru]*

Treachery, deception, it's best to keep a weapon

When you think that they be breddern, they underhand your plan

It's over for the cowardly, we grow more potent hourly

I'm knowin where the power be, I'm schemin to get even

Dissension can occur from within one's ranks

The chain can be weakened, by just one link

Pricks be galavantin from one crew to the next

Musical click-ass niggaz catch two to the chest

My usual guess is that they chose to digress

Disillusioned by greed, causin you to distress

Just do what's best, clean house, leave out

Them punks can't touch what they can't peep out

See I'm a raw nigga, and like my pops I'm a lawgiver

Can't throw a wrench in my game, I'm a boss figure

Take you under my wing, it don't matter God

Dead you if you try to commit, sabotage

Rise for me now, kneel for me now

Time to pass judgment, can't feel for you now  
Lay in your bed, accept your fate  
Try to clean it up, except you're late  
From the streets to the industry, peep the chemistry  
It's GangStarr shit, makin a livin see  
We put it on and when it's war it's war  
Sabotage'll have me dumpin the four [*gunshots ricochet*]

*[Premier scratching Guru samples]*

"There ain't nobody to trust"  
""It's like sabotage"

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"Rite Where U Stand"

(feat. Jadakiss)

"Wh-wh-wh-what can I say? Let me explain this to you..."

*[GangStarr]*

Yo, I don't even wanna fight with you man  
I'll lay you right where you stand  
You can catch a few shells  
One go right through your polo, man  
Usually I'm dolo and I gotta crazy team  
Car kissed the ride on you, watch for the laserbeam  
Shit, it's that Ol' G Flavor  
Remind you of a quarter bodega and that oldie behavior  
All point but I ain't tryna scuffle with chumps  
My long joints got the culture power plus the double pump  
Troublesome, to anyone who stands in the way  
I'll stand and I'll spray, FUCK if ya man is in the way  
Your girl want me cuz I do it better than you  
The whole world wants me nigga, I'ma legend to you  
Like LL, Rakim, Ice-T and them niggaz  
Like Cube, Snoop and Dre, I'ma be seenin them figures  
It don't matter, you don't have to be likin me man  
Keep playin, you'll be layin there, right where you stand

*[Chorus: Jadakiss]*

Gun on my waist, knife in my hand  
I keep tellin you cowards, I'ma leave you there right where you stand  
I don't wanna talk and I ain't tryna wanna fight with ya man  
Tryna get it over quick, leave you right where you stand  
Some say I'm triflin, sometimes I'm rightfully am  
But I don't give a fuck, I'ma leave you right where you stand  
You just mad, you will never be as nice as I am  
D-Block, GangStarr leave you right where you stand, what

*[Jadakiss]*

You wanna know why I invest all my money into haze and into dope  
Cuz right now, I'm currently a slave for Interscope  
Respect first, then money - basic shit  
If you got niggaz under pressure, you could take they shit  
Listen, I'ma leave you right where you stand  
Have the ambulance pass ya Timberlands off right to ya man  
Cuz he pussy, he ain't gonna do nothin but look  
When it come to beef, he don't wanna do nothing but cook  
As soon as the chrome scope him, right there, two in the dome  
Smokin, Kiss keep funeral homes open  
I fall back, smoke an ounce in the dark  
Bounce on a Preme track like I bounce on a NARC  
Keep playin, y'all niggaz will burn

and you know they say it takes somethin to happen for niggaz to learn

Let the .40 Cal give em a perm

This industry is like bacteria and my flow is a germ

Just mad cuz you'll never be as nice as I am

J to the mwah and I'll leave you right where you stand, huh...

"You gangstas is cosmetic..."

"Keep playin, you'll be layin there, right where you stand..."

"My people from the hood stay on the grind..."

"D-Block, GangStarr leave you right where you stand, what..."

"You gangstas is cosmetic..."

"W-w-w-w-word..."

*[GangStarr]*

I see you got the fear of God in you

We'll tear your heart in two

Too bad you didn't know what you got into

Yeah, the most righteous, till Malcolm got a close likeness

My name carry weight to capitate most vipers

Hot rhymes, spit a dime, hit a case beater

Flow is angry like I'm in your face with heaters

Chasin divas - nah, I don't ever have to do that

P.I. till I die and I laugh at you cats

You happy perhaps cuz you got dough and bitches

But no love from streets only for moles and snitches

Only from the meatlapin, suckers won't see it happen

Cross that line, then it's time for the heat clappin

I do my thing like the whole planet depends on me

I got game to make Janet wanna spend on me

Some say I'm trifflin and sometimes I'm rightfully am

Getcha man, I'll lay him right where he stand

*[Chorus]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Skills"

[Intro:]

Skills, skills, skills

[DJ Premier Scratching]

"My Microphone"

"It's Skills"-[KRS One]

"The funky beat"

"It's skills"-[KRS One]

[Chorus: Guru]

(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital

Spit flows rip shows peep the recital

(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those

Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those

(Skills) It's, the music that the street love

Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love

(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again

Watch as we do it again

[Verse 1: Guru]

It's the, true enliven with a youthful vengeance

And I'm a judge rap is your ass give you a crucial sentence

You need at least twelve jewels to practice

Your too enthusiastic male groupie bastard

Still tryin to convince us some more

Pretendin your raw that's what you need a minister for

Again it's the law got you up against the wall

We the gulliest fuck it then it's us against y'all

Mic skills type grills like I'm Michael Jill

Like when he write for the pill is how I stay for the ill

Slide off kid, and let a grown man finesse it

We bold and impressive that old manifest shit

Some new product from a known team

Niggas know me, and you can bet they know Preme

So here we go for your stereo

And you could tell that it's real when you hear me go hear me go

[Chorus: Guru]

(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital

Spit flows rip shows peep the recital

(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those

Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those

(Skills) It's, the music that the street love

Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love

(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again

Watch as we do it again

*[Verse 2: Guru]*

You little suckers know better, I go head up  
If your man left the joint in the whip then tell him go get it  
We hold it down like a holy crown  
Fools actin like they know me throw me phoney pounds  
Fuck that I'm sittin back like an aristocrat  
Shell shocked chief assassin with a whole fuckin list of cats  
Thought you was on the case but you missed the fact  
The bitch talkin this and that I'm a make it simple jack  
I doubled up and tripled that, soldiers where your pistols at?  
Life wrong move lose the gift of that  
Why they callin us the most consistent?  
Most significant ("Once again"-Chuck D) some old slick shit  
Fulfill your need and catch joyful rush  
Enjoy your dutch haters annoyed with us  
Oh boy it's us you know the face in the club  
Blazin it up, with my niggas raisin it up for these

*[Chorus: Guru]*

(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital  
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital  
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those  
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those  
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love  
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love  
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again  
Watch as we do it again

*[Verse 3: Guru]*

Btothers are amused by other brother's rep  
Some niggas pull tecks catch others for checks  
All for respect, all for the bread  
For the chance of success they might hand him his head  
Remain humble cause I know enough  
Plus the road is tough especially when you roll with us  
But I'm a stay with my peeps, stay in these streets  
Rhyme sprayin and I'm playin for keeps cause I got those

*[Chorus: Guru]*

(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital  
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital  
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those  
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those  
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love  
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love  
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again  
Watch as we do it again....(Skills)

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Deadly Habitz"

*[Guru]*

Yeah, bout to talk about some serious shit  
Deadly habits, you know everybody's got 'em  
Just that some niggaz try to front, try to cover shit up  
But fuck that, I be wylin sometimes - you know why?  
Cause suckers be thinkin that shit is sweet  
Niggaz be thinkin that rap niggaz ain't real, haha  
Yeah well that's aight, that's aight  
Let 'em think what they want

*[Verse 1: Guru]*

Yo I'm steady at it, them deadly habits  
I pray for the best outcome son, but my dome's already shattered  
By the shit that's occurred  
Drivin home tipsy from the club, puffin herb, vision blurred  
Thinkin bout them niggaz who caught the drop  
Who I gotta stop, who he caught, and who still gotta get popped  
Stash box, feelin like Fish in "King of New York"  
Wifey do her thing for the God, she don't be bringin me pork  
Cause there's enough deadly shit a brother be facin  
Up in V.I.P., niggaz drinks they be lacin  
Got a nigga sweatin pacin, not ready to fall the fuck up  
But ready to pull out, and back 'em all the fuck out  
And my guardian angel, is always there to protect  
And my supreme nature, keeps all them savages in check  
How the hell did everything get so twisted  
They say be careful what you pray for, so I guess now it's this shit

*[Chorus: Guru]*

They will never know - what I do to get by  
And them many times I almost died  
They will never know - all the reasons why I flip  
And now I gotta keep an extra clip  
They will never know - what this stress is like  
And why I'm on point, ready to fight  
They will never know - all the pressure and pain  
Don't give a fuck if they think less of me mayne

*[Verse 2: Guru]*

Deadly habits, they could be a number of things  
Everybody got 'em, some people do ugly things  
Excessive behaviour, it can get the best of you  
Trust me, I'm a lot like the rest of you  
I got issues, that haven't been resolved  
You know like, money people owe me while they out havin a ball  
(Mmm) Guess they too got deadly habits  
Got me on a mission, to go and merk, each and every faggot

Manager's coked up, A&R's all doped up  
Old school style, have 'em gagged up and roped up  
Those deadly habits have me losin my cool  
But yo the Son can't chill, so I'ma be abusin them fools  
Pull the plug on 'em, pull the rug on 'em  
Have 'em callin up, all their closest thug friends  
Them niggaz can get it too  
This GangStarr shit is too deep, to even get into  
So fuck you!

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3: Guru]*  
Fuck you wanna do, we way past 7:30  
Be easy, too many brothers seem to go to heaven early  
It's hell in these streets, but soon I'm on a hot streak  
Who's in the hot seat, who had a felony beef  
Yo I beat cases, with different attorneys  
And I laughed at the racist DA's, who were wishin to burn me  
My mom caught a heart attack, around the same time  
News articles were published, around the same time  
This depressed me more, but I stayed in tact  
And that last corny chick I was with, she got played in fact  
I know niggaz that did dumb time, and dumb crimes  
I fuck with real niggaz, and never cowards with dumb minds  
This country's got us in a fix  
America, your deadly habits, got us all up in the mix  
War without, war within, holy war, mortal sin  
Tell me - huh, what's the origin?

*[Chorus]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"Nice Girl, Wrong Place"

(feat. Boy Big)

*[Boy Big]*

You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place  
Just a nice nice girl girl, in the wrong place

*[Guru]*

What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?  
You wanna take my chips, I wanna take you on trips  
So you can help me, get my money  
Go ahead, try it for me here's the story of my honey  
I'm the Owner and I'll do more than bone you  
Maybe help you advance, like Prince did Apollonia  
You looking right I see you hooking tonight  
But something about you, got me pushing up tight  
Do that dance like Aphrodite cause you mighty  
You might be the chick that make me trip just slightly  
Ya eyes glisten, your breasts, ass and thighs is hittin  
If it ain't love, then this thug is just smitten  
I feel ya aura like I'm reading ya horo-  
scope, and I hope that I can see you tomorrow  
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this  
What you doing in a place like this?

*[Chorus: Boy Big]*

You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place  
And I think I'm diggin you in a major way  
You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place  
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Whatcha doin in a place like this?

*[Guru]*

What's a nice girl like you doing here like this?  
Busting your heels like this, I know you feel like shit  
And you feel like calling the quits, but you need that dough  
Paying for school, I can see that yo  
You're intelligent, similar to Angelo  
I'm understanding you, I got big plans for you  
Your whole awaistance got you going places  
You chasing money, ain't no funny faces  
You're/Your shit serious, niggaz is delirious  
I like your little outfit, I like the way you're wearin it  
You say your last man was too jealous  
You're too young to settle down, girl I'll let you tell it  
You're not a video chick, not a groupie bitch  
Just an ambitious young woman with juicy lips  
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this  
What you doing in a place like this

*[Chorus]*

*[Guru]*

What's a nice lady doing in place so shady?  
Your innocent stare and derriere so crazy  
Conversation stimulating, you witty  
You got me debating on, taking you with me  
I'm in the back drinking Yak, with you on my lap  
Give me a dance cause, this is my track  
You holdin it down for your whole fam  
You wasn't happy with your last old man  
Ma, you're doing things your way  
You're making your own pay  
Gotta have a business of your own one day  
Hon it ain't nothing to it, I wanna see you do it  
I'll tell you one thing, your last man blew it  
A perfect blend of, beauty and brains  
It's my duty to explain what you do to me and  
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this  
What you doing in a place like this?

*[Boy Big sings til end]*

Now that I see that you be gettin ya money  
You look prime time, I know you be gettin ya money  
You look so fine, you've changed my mind  
And all I wanna know is why, why?

Just a nice girl...

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Peace Of Mine"

*[DJ Premier]*

Aiyyo, what the FUCK is this shit that y'all are listenin to  
nowadays on the radio man? You call that shit hip-hop?  
THAT'S SOME FAGGOT BITCH SHIT Y'ALL ARE LISTENIN TO!  
All you DJ's are lettin the program directors handcuff you  
and sit there and tell you how to mix?! YOU FUCKIN ROBOTS!  
FUCK Y'ALL!!!

*[Guru]*

Real talk, serious thoughts  
True and livin with a youthful vengeance, yo

*[Primo:]* "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"

*[Guru]*

At times I feel like my back's against the wall  
And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all  
I stand my ground, that's what I was taught  
While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort  
In the midst of war, I find peace within  
Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in  
The mind is a terrible thing to waste  
I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate  
Of course I want money, but I won't compromise  
Y'all don't realize, think I won't bomb you guys?  
With the truth nigga, stop misleadin the youth nigga  
Too many wakes and funerals, that's the proof nigga  
Our hood's in danger, kids need guidance  
You keep lyin, still the young keep dyin  
As I walk through the valley I fear none, yes I'm the chairman  
Here with my nigga Premier son  
And we came to change the game  
We represent the pain that's real talk, what's y'all claim to fame?  
Rappers simply tracin flows and chasin hoes  
Frontin mad hard, that shit's amazin yo  
Producers makin Tinkerbell beats for them to rhyme on  
Their ass if they get on the same stage that I'm on  
Our shit be rugged, like the New York streets  
Make the wrong move stupid then you lose your seat  
Cats be buyin up SoundScans to beef up sales  
Niggaz wanna crossover, wanna be upscale  
Fuck that, that ain't hip-hop, that's somethin else  
You're better off back on the ave doin somethin else  
All you suckers claimin that you are, thug or gangsta  
You disrespect the game by dry-snitchin you prankster  
I thank y'all for makin more room for us, uhh  
Ashes to dust you wonder who's to trust

My sense of self, and my mental health  
is much more powerful, than any hint of wealth  
A lot of niggaz get cash, and collect Mercedes  
But neglect their ladies, and forget their babies  
Then the chicks turn and act like dudes  
Cause they reflect our light, so yo act right fool  
And this is just a piece of my mind, a thesis of mine  
I'ma make moves and I'ma leave you behind  
At times I feel like my back's against the wall  
And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all  
I stand my ground, that's what I was taught  
While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort  
In the midst of war, I find peace within  
Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in  
The mind is a terrible thing to waste  
I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate

[*Primo:*] "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"  
"My flow is like.." "... as live as it gets"

[*Primo:*] "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"  
[*Primo:*] "Trust me, I'm as live.."  
"My flow is like.." "... as live as it gets"

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Who Got Gunz"

(feat. Fat Joe, M.O.P.)

[Fat Joe]

yeah uh, GangStarr

Crack Man, M.O.P. uh, BX, Brooknam, haha come on

living legends, ya heard me?

yeah uh yo uh

I got seven Mac 11's about eight .38

Nine nines, Mac 10's

man this shit never end

Even if the apple won't spin

I reach in my back pocket and blast you and his twin

Niggaz yellin out the window "Joe's at it again"

But this bastard's got lawyers, keep him outta the pen

I mean feds wanna knock me just cuz I'm cocky

An arrogant fuck, wave "Hi" when they watch me

Can't stop me everytime official

Better find my residuals or this nine gon' lift you

"He was a fine individual" what the papers scripted

Had him on the front page in his graduation pictures

And they probably never hit you if you brought your glock

Me and my gat like Wilson, we all we got

We walk the scorchin blocks with the hawk on top

Even if the old ladies love to call the cops

I got guns

[Lil' Fame]

You got, he got, they got

M dot, O dot, P my nigga we got guns

Big ones, extra large heat

Humongous shit that won't fit up under your car seat

Pop in a heart beat

Keep the cannon in my reach

Lay you flat on your back like you was tannin on the beach

We keep them damn thangs full of hollows

And I'm from Christopher bitch, bang with the Wallace

Fit raw this nigga you ain't loco

You're buttocks big boy, your heart pumps Sunoco

Brownsville deep in my genes

I show you +bad boy+ for real, keep thinkin shit is +Peaches and Cream+

We'll run you down, MO-Ps hunt ya down

Gun ya down, guns sing like blaow

Raise up cock pot my biscuit for my nigga O.G. had quick shit

We got guns

[Hook]

We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)

Crazy ill, man rowdy  
I gots it locked  
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk, pop the lock  
But only if you feel this shit  
We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)  
Crazy ill, man rowdy  
I gots it locked  
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk

*[Guru]*

Nowadays my priorities ain't based on fun  
I'm tryna cop some more property and in case of them guns  
Sick society's got Guru protectin his fam  
Fuck Prudential, I got my own protection plan  
Respect me man, I'm on a mission so to speak  
You're too dumb to play your position so unique  
I'll trade 'way your meat faggot vacate the streets  
GangStarr, First Fam, and TS, we way deep  
And even if you had a thought to move on us  
Our fire power will devour, bitch you'll chew on dust  
Slow death, no rep, hollows have you gaspin  
You rich just for you, he got a lavish casket  
Call us savage bastards usin all means necessary  
It's only customary  
It's you we got to bury  
We'll dead your homo thug network  
Head shots make your head jerk  
My marks-men/man on the roof, he's an expert

*[Billy Danze]*

Who got a problem? It's already been established  
I'll come through your town with a pound like a savage  
Still throwin down on the grounds that I'm average  
Can I hear for a gangster? YEAH NIGGA  
It's always some shit but it's always a clip  
to re-route your doubts and see what you about  
Your homeboy's a snitch and your bossman's a bitch  
We takin over these bricks (IS THAT SO?)  
Doin underhanded shit, I'll shoot you in your abdomen  
You fraud, you're movin like a broad with this faggot shit  
And you deserve a hole  
in the back of your motherfuckin head the doctor can't fix  
on the concrete, we palm heat like soldiers  
Spit one in your whip and flip your shit over  
Keep in mind whatever the nine spit  
It's only as good as the nigga behind it bitch  
We got guns

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"Capture (Malitia Pt. 3)"

(feat. Big Shug, Freddie Foxxx)

[DJ Premier]

[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"

[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"

[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"

"It's the real...it's the Militia"

[Big Shug]

First name vete-, last name -ran

I drop bombs hit you with the curse of ?Jevron?

Broken arms, shattered glasses, whipped asses

I advise you to tell us where the cash is

Itchy fingers cause nothing but gun fire

We disallow all these cats in the camp

We the champs, not really to boast and brag

Bustin' heads, body bags and toe tags

Black mags to blow your whole chest in half

If you don't know the equation then you can't do the math

I know you cram to understand the plan, but you too

Caught up in the rapture, front and we will capture

See men and strap ya, cock back and blast ya

Blow up your fuckin' house while we still lookin' at ya

Militia man...man part three

[DJ Premier]

"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"

[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"

[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"

"I push these lyrics through any emcee

[Freddie Foxxx] and make it burn (burn)"

"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"

[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"

[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"

[Freddie Foxxx] "It's the militia"

[Guru]

Just to feed the babies I'll infect you like rabies

With a lust for the gravy, you know the god must be crazy

I'm sick with it, I'm built with stilts for you midgets

While you fidget, you could get kill't for your digits

I'll creep on the low, keep it a secret yo

I swore an oath to dump on you, out the Jeep window

I don't care if you a geek or a thug, you sleepin' on us

And you could catch it, some royal heat from the snub

Since the streets is watchin' niggaz might see us often

We told you rap cats we would keep it poppin'

See all I got is a lot of bad news for y'all

You're gonna need more than a lot of tattoos on y'all  
You got an army, you still ain't got no wins against us  
You're gonna need more than doo rags and Timb's against us  
And fuck your goons 'cause we always get what we're after  
We bought you this book of torture, this one is Capture

*[DJ Premier]*

"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"

*[Big Shug]* "Give a nigga pain"

*[Guru]* "Listen to a brother who knows"

*[Freddie Foxxx]* "It's the militia"

*[Freddie Foxxx]*

There's one ripped out the frame, felony act

Everybody get the fuck up, welcome me back

I'm the unseen hand that controls 200 niggaz

Parked while on the street out of unseen vans

I'm the law of the land, the rawness of man

That'll show up on stage, puffin' on contraband

Capture, duct tape rapture, slapped ya

Served up my Venus and Serenitas, cocked back

Clapped ya - to Internet emcees I'm virus

I'm a warrior, niggaz screamin' "Bumpy shot Cyrus"

I'm checked in to every hotel that you lay in

Niggaz come to my suite to pick up heat

Y'all know who wrote the bible in rap, for keepin it real

Y'all know who buck fifty your face, I'm keepin concealed

It's capture, get out the truck, I'm keepin' your wheels

You've ??, 'cause you've got a gun you never conceal

I leave my hardcore demeanor in every rap arena

And underground club that I play in

I spit raw verses that y'all ain't sayin'

'Cause your soul was bought for what they payin'

You wanna have Bumpy's heart you got to have Bumpy's chest

I'll bust right 'till I find just Bumpy left

I'll bust mics 'till I have just enough breath

To take your heart, it's thug grand death

CAPTURE!

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "PLAYTAWIN"

*[scratching by Premier]*

"Y'all cats know we always play to win" -> Guru

"Players get your pay up"

*[Verse 1: Guru]*

For my respect, I just might have to shut you down

Hang your punk ass from a limb, they'll have to cut you down

See I'm tired of you faggots kickin dirt on my name

While you rap clone phonies only hurtin the game

I'm too persistant, plus I flow too vicious

Bout to expose you hoes, this shit is too twisted

Rappers be actin, like they rich or somethin

When they get robbed like a herb, that's what they get for frontin

I'm in the top ten, one of the best of all time

Been known to drop men - who CARES if the rest of y'all rhyme?

You're mediocre son, you're barely average kid

Your style's Chi-Chi, wanna see me crack yo' cabbage kid?

From the hood to the corporate, give up your goods and forfeit

This is George Foreman style, watch me cook this raw shit

More chips, watch us rake 'em in

And y'all cats know we always play to win

*[scratching by Premier]*

*[Guru]* "Y'all cats know we always play to win"

"Real.. rough rhymes"

*[Guru]* "Y'all cats know we always play to win"

"Players get your pay up"

*[Verse 2: Guru]*

I'm hot so they're feelin me, you're not so you're killin me

You're hatin on the low, tried to block my soliloquy

While you spread rumors, I'ma dead you junior

Have your mind blown, poundin your dome like head tumors

Family tradition when I'm randomly spittin

And girls love my voice, they say it's handsomely different

I never won awards, no Grammys and things

Back in the days did sticks, made niggaz hand me they rings

What goes around comes around, they tried me later

But I survived all the thugged out, grimey capers

My concepts caused more panic than bomb threats

Don't take me for granted because I'm calm and shit

Cause when I FLIP, I'ma take over the ship

Controllin this grip with one hand holdin my dick

And you try to counter but you're way too late again

See y'all cats know we always play to win

*[scratching by Premier]*

[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"

"Real.. rough rhymes"

[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"

"Players.. players.. players get your pay up"

*[Verse 3: Guru]*

It's the God Universal, Ruler Universal

I'm still goin strong in this game, and you should learn to

R-E-S, P-E-C-T

Or you get fucked up, be-lieve you me

And I ain't the one to be, startin the violence

I'm just the one to be, sparkin in silence

For years I ran with some of the greatest men

And y'all cats know we always play to win

*[scratching by Premier]*

[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"

"Real.. rough rhymes"

[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"

"Y'all cats know we always play to win"

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Riot Akt"

[DJ Premier scratches children laughing and yelling]

[Chorus: Guru]

Riot act, this is where we really prepare  
Riot act, out here we show no fear  
RIOT ACT, time to protect our communities  
Riot act, real criminals get immunity  
RIOT ACT, eye for an eye - so yo who want it?  
RIOT ACT, rushin all you cowards who fronted  
Riot act, let's bring the power to the people  
RIOT ACT, no justice then we gotta come see you

[Verse 1: Guru]

Just like a thunderous gun clap, you wonder who done that  
Put you under with one rap, me and the brothers have come back  
We'll lash you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat  
So now you be lyin flat, we'll read you the riot act  
Whassup you little fuck, get your life right  
Cause there's too much goin in the world, and shit ain't quite right  
See you're just addin to the problem  
Young gun, high-strung, ready to trey-eight revolve 'em  
Knot nearly in your waist, you step up in the place  
Catch one off guard, he lookin silly in the face  
But hear they come with the M-16's  
They got teargas, helmets and clubs - knahmean?  
It's martial law in these streets  
It's like Afghanistan man, it's gettin raw in the streets  
Still you demand your rights, I understand your plight  
But do the knowledge if you plan to fight

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]

So realize what it is to be oppressed and afflicted  
Subjected to sick shit, knowin others live different  
FUCK THAT, the streets about to blow again  
They forgot, so we gotta let 'em know again  
Huh, we'll blast you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat  
So now you be lyin flat, we'll read you the riot act  
Soldiers, let's show these cowards what's up  
The hood ain't goin for it, let's get ours, that's what's up  
Be sure to keep a balance to your fight  
And do the math, figure how to use your talents in a fight  
Ain't nuttin worse than a rebel without a cause  
Ain't nuttin worse than a people without laws  
200 million square miles under attack  
Reperations for us blacks, hell yeah, they need to come with that

Who's gonna take the weight, and erase the hate  
All I know is when we come through, better make some space

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Guru]

A lot of people ain't happy you can tell by their ways  
It's growin tense okay, I can smell it today  
Tenement buildings house the next killers  
While rich diplomats, are purchasin their next villas  
But for the scrilla and power, uhh  
They'll send some killers to their hood, that are iller than ours  
Still niggaz settle beef, with the metal piece  
And every block stays hot, like the devil's feet  
Incarceration of the mind, police brutality and poverty  
These are realities of mankind  
And we can't win nigga, if we keep shuckin and jivin  
In a minute, they gon' have us duckin and divin  
They got bullets for us [*automatic fire*] yeah, uh-huh  
They got jail cells and graveyards, they the bullies, not us  
We'll blast you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat  
So now you be lyin flat, cause this is the riot act

[Chorus]

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"(Hiney)"

(feat. Panch)

Nah you know what we gotta do? We gotta do - HINEY!  
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me  
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!  
My dick about killin, never been about game  
When there wasn't pussy, there was always my haind  
Nine and a half-I'll get you in a dame  
Anything less is just a GOD DAMN SHAME!  
Check my balls, my shit got blue wrinkles on the face  
. for them bitches who had the nerve to put me out they place  
In they HINEY  
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me  
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!  
I come through your block, with that one-eye whistle  
One hand on the whistle  
One.. one-eyed monster hit you  
Make it slick, BITCH, my dick game's OFFICIAL!  
Lose your weight and, I don't leave you waitin  
The world is earthquakin  
My balls got yo' ass shakin - it's hiney jack!  
UH-OH! HINEY!  
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me  
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!

*[imitating the beat]* When I bust a nut, it say  
*[imitating the beat]* On her HINEY!

*[laughter and applause]*

(That's some brilliant shiznit, yo! Aiyyo!)

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Same Team, No Games"

(feat. H. Staxx, NYG'z)

[NYG'z]

Yo, do the knowledge to the master build the blow and the spliff  
The new millennium, hide them a beef  
Gotta watch what I say to you niggaz so I calm my patience  
'Cause the shit ain't really pass the statue of limitations  
The streets still holler about how strong I am  
Niggaz I hurt still holler about how wrong I am  
As a little nigger broke, thinking soda and coke  
Had me amazed how my steady hand kept in the flow  
Let it sit, cool and heart lit, hit the set cool and heartless  
In front of the store projects, as long as I made a profit  
I see you eyeing me, you fire escape diary  
Filled with pages of episodes and shying me  
Nonbeliever I hammer for hire  
Hit yo ass so hard that your coke will catch fire  
Dog the stakes are dyer, I'm no liar  
Hold the court and the street beef cause I got pride

[H. Staxx]

Same team no games, these chicks I blow brains  
Rap-a-lot soul train the corners rocking cocaine  
Got no shame  
Trying to blow these figures  
Headquarters gone he ain't left he still with us  
Not in the physical through us he live  
I can seen him with Big L, Pun, Pac and BIG  
Watching over the kid like dear shed the waist over  
And yelling "Ether", "Blowout" and "Takeover"  
I'm the truth; give you proof and your video shoot  
Pull them candors on you while them cameras on you  
How you love that  
Don't want to blow with Staxx  
So go ahead dumb up, make me car crumb up  
"It's the Militia"  
Yall niggaz don't know about I  
Got me heated, frustrated about to blow my high  
Me and Benz blazing, Rave got the gauge raising  
Sick of talking about it, niggaz ain't on my weight lift

[NYG'z]

Whenever we stand together, down for whatever  
Divided we get at you from more angles  
Gangstarr forbid, NYG's same team no games  
Love is love fame one in the same  
Corny style, niggers act strange going against the grain  
Don't want to see us on top of our thing, we adapt to change

Fame, fortune and material game, flow natural unrestrained  
Let me explain, niggers don't get it until you set it to flame  
    Subject them to pain, make them respect  
    The name, the set you rep, connects you get  
        Stay ready to bang  
    Steps ahead of competitors that'll test your aim  
        H. Staxx shoot back splat dang your brain  
    My foundation bust gats spread there's your brain  
        Fuck with mine, spat not take the blame  
    Play it for keeps, we came to win

*[Guru]*

YO, I'm the Jerry Rice to this, much too nice to quit  
    And just so you know, we never liked you kid  
        Since you ain't wanna let niggers eat  
    I'm gonna convene with my team before  
        We gotta let the trigger speak  
        'Cause nowadays yall rappers are carbon  
    Copies paws are sloppy, still its hard to stop me  
Especially when I connect with my man, rep for my fam  
    We taking back the rest of our land  
    And we don't really care if they say you are the shit  
        They playing your hits  
        We about to make our way in this biz  
    And let's see if the gimmick last until the next season  
In a flash, take your stupid ass out, give me the next reason  
    Flip for my peoples here, spit for my peoples here  
        Yeah... time to get rich with my peoples here  
        Cut of a snake's head, then we break bread  
        Same team, no games  
    You underground trying to fake dead

*[scratching by DJ Premier repeats]*

Let, let, let the games begin

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"In This Life..."

(feat. Snoop Dogg, Uncle Reo)

[all (sung parts) in Chorus performed by Uncle Reo]

[DJ Premier]

Word up

Aiyyo Rome' (yo)

Yo life ain't what it's cracked up to be these days, y'knahmean?

[Rome]

Word! Knahmsayin?

Life hard out this muhfucker, y'knahmsayin?

[DJ Premier]

So you gotta make the best of a bad situation, and hold your head

[Rome]

Knahmsayin? You gotta progress through the struggle man

[Chorus]

[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life)

[DJ P] "You better wake up"

[Guru] In this life.. (talkin bout this life)

[DJ P] "R-R-Remember this"

[Guru] In this life.. (whoah-ohhh)

[DJ P] [Nas] "S-S-Survival of the fittest"

[Guru] In this life..

[DJ P] "I go all out" - "Y'knahmsayin?"

[Verse 1: Guru]

From New York to Cali it remains the same

Bitch niggaz always wanna go against the grain

The strong will survive, the weak shall perish

Y'all need more courage, I keep y'all nourished

Get in line, I let you know right now

You need to slow right down or you get blown right now

From what I see it's systematic how we push to addicts

Demographics make the street life hell or drastic

In the hood we see oppressive genocide

Cause if it's on it's on, you know at least 10 men'll ride

But on the other side, corruption runs deep

I'm aware of the conspiracies, discussion is brief

They're building more prisons, spendin less on schools

On the block Smith & Wess-ons and Teflons rule

It's hard to escape it, certain laws are sacred

In this life my nigga, it's mad hard to make it

[Chorus]

[Guru] In this life..  
[Dogg] Money is key  
[Dogg] And everybody you see ain't what they claim to be  
[Guru] In this life..  
[Dogg] I try to do right  
[Dogg] I live a treacherous life, I know I ain't right, mm  
[Guru] In this life..  
[Dogg] You got to keep on  
[Dogg] You got to be strong, you got to hold on  
[Guru] In this life, heh, I come in peace  
[Guru] But still yo, I come from the streets

[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]  
This one's for my sons and my lil' daughter  
Peace to JMJ and my nigga Headquarters  
A (GangStarr) with a gangster, on a mission  
World (Premier), limited edition  
My mind keeps driftin cause I haven't had a spliff in  
a long time, I'm doin fine, I feel terrific  
I bop up the street, C-walk to the beat  
It's cold outdoors, so I got to keep some heat  
I never know when a cutthroat gon' try to test me  
Disrespect me, things could get messy  
Yes he, shoot a good game, like James  
I mean Jesse, watch out nigga, heavens to Betsies  
The big drum beater  
With a car full of heaters and some fly senoritas  
In some Stacy's or some Chucks, cause I gotsta keep it G'd up  
Run up on the Dogg man you bound to get beat up

[Chorus]  
[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life, I'm tryin to make it better)  
[DJ P] "You better wake up"  
[Guru] In this life.. (I won't have to struggle no mo', no I won't)  
[DJ P] "R-R-Remember this"  
[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life, this life)  
[DJ P] [Nas] "S-S-Survival of the fittest"  
[Guru] In this life.. (tryin to make it better, yes I am)

[Outro: Uncle Reo]  
Ooooohhh, talkin bout this life  
WhoahhhOHHHHHHHHHHH, this life, this life.. *[fades out]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "The Ownerz"

*[DJ Premier]*

"One-two.."

"One-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"

"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"

"One-two.." "The maker, owner!"

"Come on, now come on"

*[Verse 1: Guru]*

Got you quiddear and ski-dared, fearin what we might do  
And you can give me all mine in cash, that will suffice dude

In the streets deep, we roll through the city

Looks like it's time to eat, so yo who's with me?

Strictly, we keep it in the best perspective

Cause nowadays it's more than simply live and let live

A sedative, that's what these headcases need

Them rats'll get trapped soon as they taste the cheese

Black M. Casey fan, just pay us and scram

Watch us drop a new supply to up the daily demand

Phony critics wanna retract shit, once I spit again

And since we didn't finish the job, you gettin hit again

*[DJ Premier]*

"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"

"One-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"

"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"

"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"

"Come on, now come on"

*[Verse 2: Guru]*

You fuck, you didn't listen when I told you before

When it comes to dope tracks, we be holdin the raw

Do somethin stupid, and you'll be left holdin your jaw

Put you punks on blast for not knowin the law

Don't deny yourself, learn to apply yourself

Or end up by yourself, I multiply the wealth

I got the titles, deeds, licenses and policies

Complete ownership, Don Gurizzu they call me

Primo said that we should just, lock it all down

See the bigger picture, so we can profit all around

Now everybody's ridin the dick, once I spit again

And since we didn't finish the job, you gettin hit again

*[DJ Premier]*

"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"

"One-two, one-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"

"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"

"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"

"Come on, now come on"

*[Verse 3: Guru]*

I be the owner of this style, owner of this talk, owner of this art  
Peep the gully way that I walk  
Many say that I rock, others hate but they jock  
Now we racin the clock, po-po casin the spot  
Call me greedy cause I feel like takin a lot  
Vindication, cause they be fabricatin a lot  
From Cali to Canarsie, penthouse to the lobby  
Roxbury to NC, Century Club to envy  
Bout to take over the action, you know it's bout to happen  
Cause our shit be hittin, and yours is plain ol'fashioned  
I had no choice, but to spit again  
GangStarr motherfucker, and you just got hit again

*[DJ Premier]*

"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"  
"One-two, one-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"  
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"  
"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"  
"Come on, now come on"

"Come on, now come on"

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"Zonin"

*[Inhaling and coughing]*

*[Premier]* Yo, you alright man? .. You zonin?

*[scratched:]* "I.. I speak that.."

*[Premier]* what's the deal?

*[scratched:]* "I speak that re-real shit, just listen"

*[Verse 1: Guru]*

Yo I pop your lid, I got to live

I ain't tall but I can show y'all what a problem is

I like to zone, I'm nice with chrome

I keep a vast stash of Magnums cause I like to bone

I play the game, I stay the same

But I can switch styles, pick files, I'm like gravy train

Shot the witness, got the bitches

Still in the streets with my heat about to shock the business

I handle biz, I cancel kids

Just like Allen I'ma show 'em what "The Answer" is

I'm after props, I spaz a lot

And yo I'm deadin all the bullshit 'til my casket drops

You know me boy, you owe me boy

You wanna end up in my trunk dyin slowly boy?

I'm confident, I'm on some shit

Cause I been knowin already you was on the dick

I'm zonin

*[Chorus x2: DJ Premier scratching]*

"Down with the Foundation"

*[Guru]* "Step into my zone, mad rhymes'll stifle ya"

*[DMX]* "No time for games cause I'm, all grown up"

"I speak that re-real shit, just listen"

*[Verse 2: Guru]*

It's conspiracy, you hearin me? That's why I get love

And still got others fearin me

You never know, who's next to blow

And since it's me, I'ma stash me some extra dough

Got extra flow, chicks give me sex and dough

Need I, mention P.I. player let me know

I'm down with dis, I founded this

So you should recognize the true authentic sound of this

The golden voice, holdin toys

But not playin, Guru and Preem', we like the golden boys

The chain and star, I'm angry pah

Cause you fucks ain't wanna give us what we aimin for

You stupid son, I shoot my gun

From the heart fool, you know that's where this music from

Protect your dome, respect the throne

This is Guru and Premier, and you can bet it's on  
I'm zonin

*[Chorus]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Eulogy"

*[Child's voice]*

"word up kid!"

*[Premier]*

Yeah L.B., Bryan Moier  
I miss you man rest in peace  
To Endeara Bishop  
Rest in peace little lady  
To Claira Stewart  
I love you Aunt Ploute  
To the coffe boy Arden Franklin  
Rest in peace Res  
My nigga Headquarters  
Head up eyes and ears open  
Word is bond!  
Jam Master J, Big L  
Big Lee, Flamboyant for life  
Aaliyah, Mad Mark  
Boogie down Bronx  
P. O., Left Eye

*[Guru]*

The emotions that one goes thourgh, over a loss of a loved one  
Or friend then, knowing the cost of rebuilding and carrying on  
It gets so damn hard in this modern day Babylon  
And disease runs rampant, so many men carry arm  
So many have a lonely painful road to travel on  
Mothers losing sons, improper use of guns  
Children go astray because their parents were abusive ones  
I used to run with the illest guys  
Thourgh the realest eyes  
I seen the realest and the illest die  
The cycle continues, so many times the good ones  
The young ones  
So many misunderstood ones  
Remembering their faces and voices  
And when the wise man said  
Life is full of choices  
Some get caught up, others are innocent victims  
All I know is they were close to us, and that we miss them

I'm not sure about any of these names

*[Premier]*

Easy E , Big Pun  
Lil Bro, East New York  
Dorothy Clark, Sydney Clark Junior "Rest in peace"

Clarence Elam, Charles Elam  
Omar Pitts, D. J. Threat  
Big Mellow, D. J. Screw  
Aunt Nettie "Rest in peace"  
Uncle Frank, Harold Guy  
Poetic, Gravediggaz  
Fred Jordan, Ted Dimmy  
G. B. Greg Box "Rest in peace"  
Taheim Cambell  
Watch over your big brother  
Bumpy Knucks  
Yeah!  
Harry Stricklin, Merla Santana "Rest in peace"  
Rod Roshodm, Gerald Wichard  
Huey Beckam, Marie Clem  
Tony Malvow, Paula Crutchfield  
Ann Cambell "Rest in peace"  
Reverand Van Johnson, Coach Hoover Wright  
Valerie Wilson, Ura Wilson  
Jacob Boier, Weldon Irvine "Rest in peace"  
Yeah! Hoover Carden  
Corey Stringer, Malik Sealy  
Boostin Kev, Edward Star  
Nina Simone, Ann Jones "Rest in peace"